The Tatooed Mouse

35¢

typos ©
the poet.

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T. Konyves

For A Weak Constitution (patati-patata)

Electing the premier bowel-movement cum laude
against all odds- Ha!
Goering! Himmel! Kennedy-wasps! Castro-ation! Dysentery!
Dyspepsia! Just ice! Ha! La maladie desjeunes chiens! Ha!
Intaxicated! Intuxicated!
Alterations free.

It's been a long separation, throughout.
Opening doors. Within or without,
determination slips & catches itself in mid-air. And
if I hear another word
  East-
West highway bauble: Beast-rest 2 miles.

These thrusts are the making of
a nation, conception of dry-cleaning syndicates,
rapists, innocents.
These thrusts are the sledge hammers of vice-
presidenti, overdue enemas of a culture
indisposed.

The interrogation resumes without force, licorice.
Testimony: ulcer. Judgment: ne plus ultra.
She swallows my come without force, licorice.
Testimony: syphilis. Judgment: regalia.
It comes.

Libre
the book of freedom lies open on my lap.
I saw her eyes, for the first time, as it were.
One tablet
three times
three times
three times

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T. Konyves

For Alfred Jarry: who said Literature is a stuffed crocodile

'PATAPHYSICS

I.

You we they

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ORAL L. NATIONS

The Bilingual and Minority Language Peoples' Assurance Company

"To protect you against the risk

of penal detention"

As you may know, there is now set up in Montreal a new company called The Bilingual and Minority Language Peoples' Assurance Company, to enable all minority groups in the province of Quebec to insure themselves and their dangerously contagious foreign and school-French invective against the joual of the Quebecois. The company is steadily gaining ground, which I take to be a sure sign that contagious, foreign French and other alien tongues will become recognized as some of the most heavily insured languages in the whole world.

The principle behind this new institution is most enterprising and does so much for the articulate criminal, who happens to be unfortunate enough to have been raised outside the province of Quebec. On the street, and indeed at social functions, showdowns unhappily occur. The minority person or persons may not recognize the party to which he addresses his dreadful foreign tongue as being a native Quebecois, and as we know, under common law, the foreign language criminal can be charged with a slander suit, right there and then, if the native person chooses to regard the assaulting party as a threat against the superior expression of his native tongue.

The new Bilingual and Minority Language Peoples' Assurance Company makes life a little easier for than alien criminal with a foul mouth. Clients can now sit comfortably at home, assured by his or her policy and not worry so much about his or her everyday criminal activity. For example, a person may open his or her living room window, poke out his or her head and whisper a few foreign criminal words to an alien friend who just happens to be passing on the street; it would make little difference if an illegal foreign two or even three way conversation ensued. If, by unfortunate circumstance, a seen or hidden native Quebecois or indeed group of said natives with an array of installed bugging devices happened to overhear or barely catch the drift of the illegal conversation, the foul offending party can be reported, the aliens arrested, charged with the slanderous use of a foreign language and held over pending bail. Now, with the Bilingual and Minority Language Peoples' Assurance Company policy in your pocket, you, the foul-mouthed alien, have the legal and highly advantageous right to hand over your policy as surety, thus making it easier to acquire a bail-bonding release.

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OPAL L. NATIONS

Imaginary speech to the Delta Poets on their Vehicule Poetry wedding reading and launching day, January 28th, 1977.

David Solway, the third reader, has just finished his set and is professionally returning to his seat, facing the audience but as far away as possible from them lest he contaminate himself of their inferiority.

Opal Nations, that angered gentleman (on occasions) presses forward, raises his arms and shouts (in his colonialist's voice) -

"May i be so bold as to take up just a minute of the Delta Poet's time, I want to ask you all a question." (The audience is twinged into pinks of embarrassment, Delta poets make serious faces and condescend to listen to a minute of mere mortal). "I just wanted to know that after

The Futurist and Symbolist Movements,
after the Dada and Surrealist Movements,
after the New Realist and Restructuralist Movements,
after the Cut Up and Possibilitists Movements,
after the OULIPO and Lettrist Movements,
after the Situationist and Conceptualist Movements,
after the Concrete and Sound Text Movements,
after the New Dadaist and Specialist Movements,
after the Synthetic and Computerist Movements
in poetry

we end up with your poetry, are we - after all this turmoil, after all this developmental thinking, are we now ready for you?

(The Delta poets frown, turn away, shrug their shoulders, ruminate, and ignore the crazy peasant in the shape and form of Opal L. Nations, and with a style, ease and grace born unto only the chosen, quietly re-shuffle themselves and prepare to usher forth the fourth and last one of their members.)

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ORAL L. NATIONS 2 Tattoo texts

The New York Times Best Sellers List

Hardcover

1. Powers of the tattooed mind - Adam Skinsmith
2. Hostage to the tattoo - Puncture Martin
3. Own your own tattoo - Richard Prickit
4. How to be awake and tattooed - Mildred Needle & Bernard Indelible
5. Don't say tattoo when you want to say acupuncture - Herbert Ouch, PhD
6. The sound of one tattoo clapping - Chin Zen Lin
7. The secret tattoos of depression - Frederick Insertion
8. Tattooed women & rape - Susan Shary
9. Getting it tattooed together - Robert E. Jabbing
10. Dictionary of behavioral tattooing - Benjamin Pierce

*

Today's top ten hits

1. Tattoo don't get hooked on me - Mac Stab
2. Just get up and tattoo the door - Johnny Homicide
3. Tattoos in the attic - Aeroshit
4. The tattoo over the lake - The Ozark Mountain Death
5. Tattooed bad but beautiful - Shirley Buried
6. Tattooed wind and fire - The Grafted
7. Before the next tattooed tear-drop - Freddy Feeler
8. Tattooed body heat - Quincey Morgue
9. Behind closed Tattoos - Charlie Chainsaw
10. Captured angels tattoo - Dan Shriek

Hot contenders

Why can't we be tattoos? - Glenda Ghoul
Rhinestone Tattooed Cowboy - Glen Depraved

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OPAL L. NATIONS

From The Montreal telephone directory, A - D

Abelly, C. - on Deschambault
Acrobati, A - a lone performer?
Adrian Adonis - admired on Bercy
Jack Adrain - what happens when he gargles?
M.O. Aduke - in his palace on Fielding
B. Afarta - gas warfare on St. Urbain?
R.D. Aftergood - on Cote De Neiges
Ali Hashmat - really takes you there
Allnutt, Peter - a tough one to crack
G. Fred Allo - Hello Fred!
Alps - 3637 Metropolitan
Anna Pegova Peeling - a stripper?
K. Annable - a vegetarian?
Applebee, B. - on Bourret
Romeo Arbour - in the garden at night
Armando Arena - on Belanger East
Mrs. Fanny Arfin - and half out no doubt
G. Asboth - a schizophrenic from Forest Hill?
Medhat Attab - on Lorne Avenue
Tender Babee - on Freury East
W.C. Bachelor - in love with his washroom on Sherwood Rd.
John Badalone - on Ave. St. Michel
A. Bag - on Ontario East
Arthur Bald - on McGregor
Barefoot, Rupert - On John Kennedy
R. Beanland - on Hurteau
Nagy Bedwant - on St. Urbain
Beebe, C. - on the air at Hutchison
A. Beek - poor fella on Cote St. Luc
Aba Beer - Thankyou very much!
Ernie Beery - totters home to St. Laurent
T. Belcher - he should blow on it
Isabelle Belle - nothing like rubbing it in!
L. Belly - on Samson
Berryfast Products Ltd. - biodegradable no doubt
Dr Ned Better - overrun with patients?
Blackadder, Ernest - in St. Bruno
C. Blizzard - on Campbell
David Bloomer - performs on Decarie
Lional Blot - the stain of St. Leonard
Jim Blue - from Rosemont
Carol Boddy - nice feet too!
I. Bogle - on Cabot
G. Boos - Tee-totaller from Ave. Pat.
A. Borts - for expectant women on Lavoie
Ernest Brazier - fits all chests
Eric Breed - the ladies' man of Newman Terrace
W. Breeze - on easy street?
John Bugera - watch out!
W.H. Buggs - poor fella!
Sylvia Bulger - 2nd floor front
Humberto Bumster - no comment

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ooo

...
Bunclark, O.
C.I. Bunny - on King Edward
Butter, M. - on Sherbrooke West
G. Bye - to Van Horne?
Virgil Candle - on Bishop (where he belongs)
Don Juan Cave - on Stanley
C. Cerf - on Foucher
Ronald Cheek - on Canora
John Ernest Cheese - on Cardinal
Fatt Chin - on Durocher
P. Chute - ascending over Monseigneur Lafleche
Arthur Coffin - out flat in St. Hubert
B. Cool - a black guy on Champdore
A. Cornfield - growing up in Netherwood Crescent
G. Corns - a sufferer on O'Neil
Louis Corps - recently arisen at Girouard Pk.
Wilfred Cowburn - sizzling on Sir George Simpson St.
Mark Crate - shipped to Ave. La Salle
H.L. Croke - taken abed on Sherbrooke
Harry Croucher - doubled up on Ave. Lachine
James Crum - looking seedy on Place Charles Lemoyne
Arthur Crust - starving on Lachapelle
Francine Cry - weeping on Evelyn
William Cup - flowing over in Outremont
V. Cupid - shooting arrows over Quesnel
A. Cur - barking on Joseph Casavant
P. Curd - drinking milk on Durocher
A.D. Curl - having it waved on Sheraton Drive
Kung Man Cxunt - a freak on Bloomfield
B. Dab - a housemaid on McGregor
Juan Dada - wow!
John Dadio - a rock and roll freak in Lachine
Dear, H. - on 2nd Ave. La Salle
H. Dearlove - the prive of Waverley St.
E.W.V. Deathe - waiting for you on Simcoe
Gertrude Delay - old maid of Fabre Street
Douglas Diggins - an archeologist on Devonshire Drive
M. Diklic - of Laval, say no more!
A. DiPiano - in concert at de Marigny
E.P. Ditty - a composer on Avenue Verdun
S. Doctor on Circle Road
Sam Dolly - nice fella on Putney Street
John Dolphin - in deep waters at La Salle
Andrew Drab - a nondescript on Filion
C. Dragon - on Sherbrooke East
Therese Draws - now showing on Plessis Street
Fred Drinkwater - on alcoholic on Bellechasse
C. Duck - a non swimmer on Manning
S. Dunk - hates donuts in St. Vital
S. Dunkelblum - unhappiest man in Cote St. Luc
David Dye - on Hymen Drive

*

(to be continued ...)

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KEN NORRIS

PARENTAGE

for T.K.

Mr. Death
And me.

Although. . .
Not even a teleological suspension of the ethical
Destroys the inevitible.

Distributor caps are taken to church
And wedded to gelded choir boys.
Distributor caps are taken to heart
And wedded to choir boys, even.

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KEN NORRIS

The poem is crying out from within the orphanage
where it has been abandoned. The poem is afraid
and has requested to be allowed to come home.
The poem is tired of institutional meals. The poem
dreams of being fed an all dressed pizza.

The poem is crying out from within the prison
where it has been incarcerated. The poem
has pleaded with me to pay its bail.
The poem has promised
it will never again be arrested for drunken driving.
The poem sits bleakly in its cell, having
thrown up on its shirt front.

The poem is crying out from within the strait jacket
by which it has been restrained. The poem
has just seen a butterfly flitting about a flower
and its freedom has driven it now
to the true brink of madness. The poem maintains
it was only testing its wings
and did not intend to tread upon the strictures of society.
Tears are running down the poem's face.
The poem has reddened eyes.

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john maccawly

i am sending you a ballantine
across disneyland borders checkpointed by stars
brewed by american masters
who snarl like the curled edges of burnt paper & pencils
that
graced the school desks of beauty queens

i am going to toast
in lebanese &
dance with sundown's child
her beauty holographic
her half-dressed face
baked with diligence
so glad am i to
finally understand
your strange images &
decidedly weird syntax

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stephen morrissey

poem

these are simple evenings
when the sun goes down it is 4PM
& we have skied to town to buy
groceries--- make supper & eat
by 6:30--- listen to the radio
while Pat reads sit here
at the big oak table & scribble
poems with no thot
of tradition or schools
bits of the radio lines from
bks/ like a fabric
are spliced into these poems radio
static finally at 9PM
out alone fr/ solitary ski
up hill behind house
stand there in the solitude
of earthly presence
look at the house so small
with lites & rolling hills
mtns lines of forests out across
snow covered hillsides
some nites the moon
bright in the star filled sky
other nites it is dull behind
a kind of mist of lite snow
falling to the gentle earth
then ski home to the left
a fence bullrushes rocks
to the right the rd/ back
to the house before bed
diary thots of wot happened
today listen to religious nuts
on WWVA
go to bed
still not having read one complete
bk/ all the time we're here

haiku:::

here where it's quiet
write poems look at blue jays
go skiing at nite

Sawyerville Québec
dec/76 jan/77

ARCMTL scan 2017

stephen morrissey

poem

the spaces we enter
either snow or stars trails
thru the woods past grey branches
half buried bushes snow
tracing lines of branches &
fir needles fences disappear
up hills to stands of fir trees
the sky & snow merging
to a grey certainty
cowskull stuck on wooden fence post
some fur & gristle still evident
ski trail left behind
big gentle snowflakes

& at nite
looking at the sky
from vantage point of gow's mountain
the spaces & rooms
this room we eat in &
I write in the radio
beside me a cup of tea
or coffee books piled nearby

empty tea mug
the 4 grids of windows
filled with nothing but empty
space as stretches of sand
on a beach space which is needed
to move to be free
a field of snow grey branches
of trees or their outline on the sky
& the mind with its need of space
to see to perceive with no thot
interference
either memories or ideologies or
religion or the noise of civilization
people need space to live
solitude to scribble assembled words
meanings into poems no order
a cumulative space no
imposed order on space no meaning
mankind is crazy sitting writing
poems no one reads or cares
about making spaces
you can live in limitations
on blank pages scratchings

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artie gold

I felt
that if
all
my
poems
were in the
shape
of a jockey riding a
horse
there would be a
damn
good chance
noone would
ever
notice
their prose
fab-
ric.

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artie gold

nothing to say

except--

we
zealously guard our meagre respective allotments
the queen in her chapel celebrating twenty-five years
of dead father. me
alone, my thirty year old body unbrave
under lamplight
unslept, occupant of
some flat in some dominion over which
the queen
is fancied
to reign. I fancy she fancies
no such fancies
neither of us to look ridiculous retain any false notion
what is ours tonight; myself a night's sleep, she, the same, 8 hours
later in England
each of us as every sentient being that has ever passed a night
assailed by haunting thoughts. what one must make of this earth
no matter how it seemed divided to the light
at night.
to cast reflection: we must avail ourselves of the dark.

feb 9/10.77

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Artie Gold

Opal, Ellen, Artie, Opal & Ellen & Artie

a: ah..,opal.. I read them few things you gave me to read..
o: -you like'm,mate? Yeah, real avantguard them. I got others..yuhl like them!
a: yeah, I haven't read too much french..
o: French, yeah. yeah, well, yuh gotta read French,mate, that's where it's all goin on,see. in french.yeah.
e: Opal, show artie maybe those..
o: That's right mate, got these wooden books you oughta see. cut down the trees myself... ..uh,in france I did ?
a: These are heavy(taking several).
o: Yeah, it's hard when we travel... We don't take them down to Vermont you know...
a: no?
o: no, can't risk it,mate. very cold winters there.
a: what are those odd looking things over there,opal?
o: over whe.. oh,those, those are my edible books, I had them baked special I did. when we was in Barkly. we had more but they started going bad so we had to eat'em. we had twenty-four baked in all. woulda had more but there was a mild earth tremor and the rest fell(real sugar,you know, taste one..here.. .
a: I couldn't..I..
E: It's o.k. artie, take one.. .

(in imaginary conversation feb 7.77)

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August Kleinzahler

The Moon Over Rt. 46

North Jersey's humming.
Sunoco's yellow triangle
on a hot, windless night
bids come, nurture your engine
buy some pop, let us
wipe exploded bugs
from your field of vision.

A dirty aureole across the meadows
is New York;
jets sink into it.
Gentlemen in Italian loafers
arrive with money and good counsel.
Women too, with superb mouths,
who wield comfort,
who signal authority.

The soul sound of Paterson
won't quit; the big sound
in old Silk Town
goes 'round the clock.
Heat is sweet
when it's wine time on the stoops.
Night fills with revenue.

Through haze as close
as someone's palm by your nape
a thousand logos
guide the traveller home.

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guy birchard

We photographers do not worry about shooting
plants, women, edible
animals. Our only morality impugns the difference
between snaps and studies. Our only
discourse regards the particular
image. We do not envision.
We see; record; and hand you
little editions from the world at large.

We are scourged by our own
empty world, unpeopled
with subjects for our cameras. We ache
for the least significant, most
blemished company. But it lives 'cross town
scared of the shutter. It says its soul
is not safe in our hands. It says,
No lips that eat meat shall kiss mine.

It leads us in darkness too thorough
to shade our film, this Fear,
and it involves us in affairs too distant
for our ordinary, gift-given lens.

We photographers left alone in such extraordinary
circumstances, touch our subjects with our eyes
closed; listen to the spoken word.

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When you take my picture for the world
to see, catch me looking sorry
for those receding figures who were
beloved of me. This has to be
the true sorrow of the world; an emotion
suggesting perfection; a feeling
as fleeting as a hard turn of heart.

Here you would have contained an image
of the body of your subject; a still
and animated fleshly shape of a possibility.
With difficulty, you could make it talk,
watch lips, shudder.

"He is thinking and before
his very eyes, slain romances
rise eternal and every object of his sense
is masculine and defensive. He is
real. We're glad."

Tho we are scared of revelations
here, in this privacy
tense and shrunken
we swell.

guy birchard

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